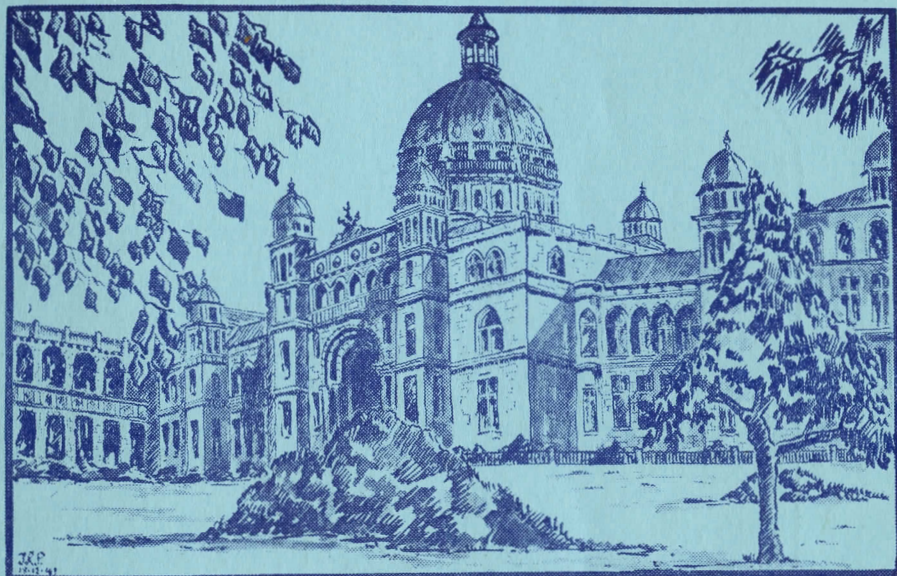


The Patrician



The
Monthly Magazine of
32 O. T. U.
Royal Air Force



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C.

Vol. 1

FEBRUARY - 1942

No. 5

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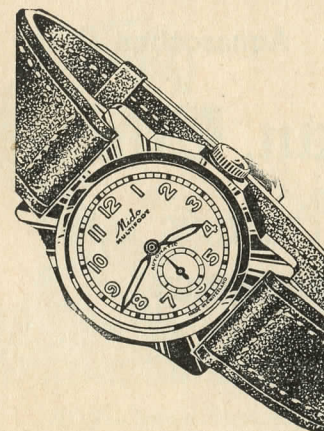
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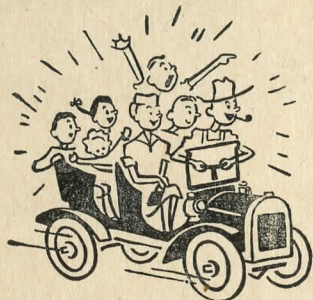
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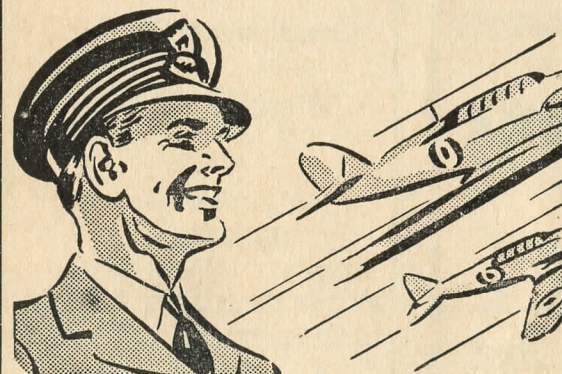
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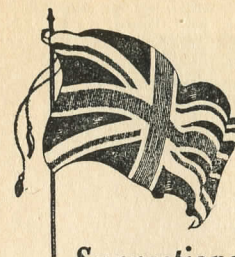


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THE PATRICIAN

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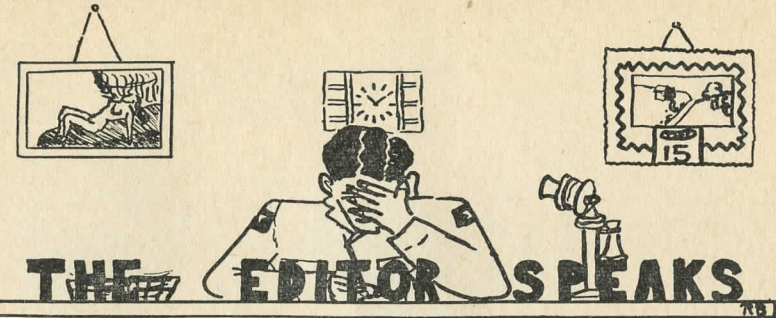
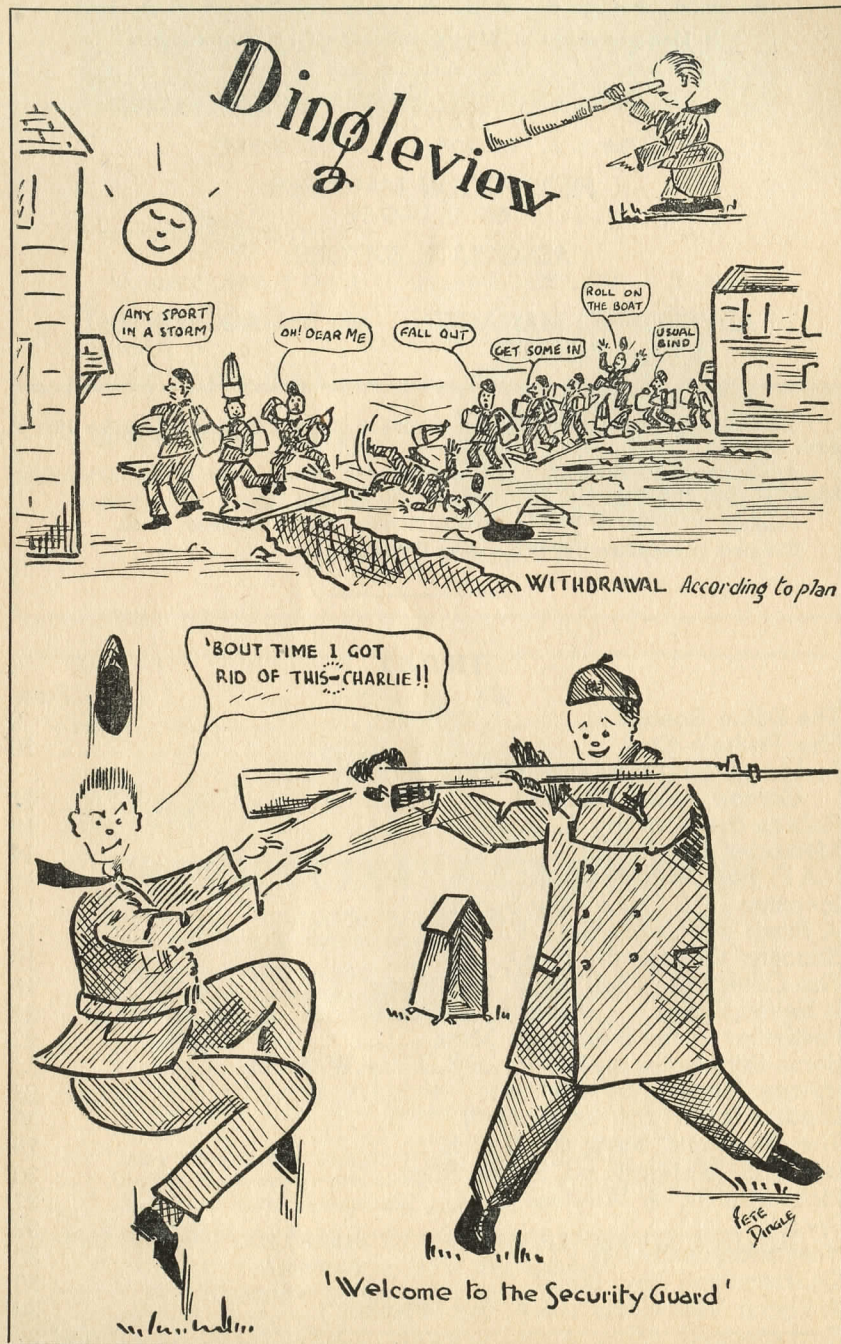
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Vol. 1, No. 5.

FEBRUARY, 1942

10 Cents

The snows have come and gone—we hope—not for the snow itself but we are still paying the price of that virgin cloak in a slow and slushy thaw.

The lucky ones able to indulge in the skating at the Royal Oak looked from the road like so many waltzing ants. The one day's skiing in John Dean Park where one could, if only for a fleeting moment, regain the illusion of Saint Moritz, Addleboden or Interlaken, with Mount Baker in the background, so beautiful as to be almost unreal, like some exaggerated drop curtain.

All that is probably past until next year but the seasons come and go, time and the tides relentlessly pursue their predestined courses, no human hand can stop them and so it is with life.

In this issue it is our sad duty to record the deaths of two popular members of the Station, and in doing so we offer our sympathy to the relatives in their tragic loss.

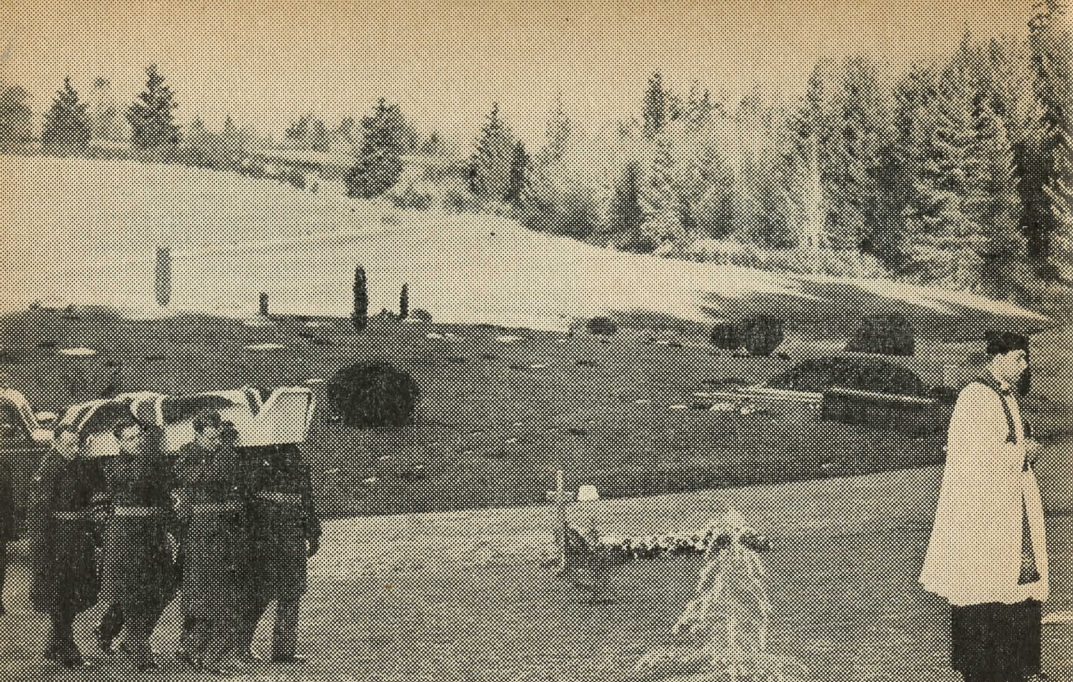
The fund to help the bombed and homeless in Britain, details of which were announced in our last number, is being held over for the time being, in view of the Benefit Fund for the deceased men's relatives.

Our Special New Year issue met with a splendid reception—many congratulatory letters being received and there have been a large number of new subscribers. Eleven hundred copies were sold, which showed an increase of one hundred on the previous month.

We welcome to the Station the members of the R.C.A.F. and R.C.A. and invite them to submit material for publication in "The Patrician."

Entries for the Station Crest Design can be submitted until the end of February, when the competition will be closed and a decision made.

THE EDITORS.



Members of the R.A.F. police section carrying the remains of Cpl. G. A. Gimbert to the burial plot in Royal Oak Cemetery. The grave of A/C F. G. Bradley, who died a few days before, can be seen in the background.

THE PADRE'S CHAT

People sometimes ask me: "How much longer do you think this war will last?" I must confess that I am more interested in another problem: "Will this war last long enough to bring about those reforms which peace failed to produce?" War brings in its wake an host of ills: but it also does good. For example: the evacuation of children from our slums opened the eyes of Britain to the scandalous condition in which an important section of the community was living. War succeeded in stirring the public conscience where peace had failed. I look to this war to bring about social reforms which will enable, or compel those who live in wretched circumstances to be educated to a higher standard of thought, living and conduct. And we, too, are profiting from our experiences. It does us good to be torn from the rut of our former mode of life, and to be made to revise our home-made philosophy of life and to apply our minds to fresh problems and ideas. It develops our personality and makes us better able to meet life's difficulties in days to come. So next time you feel particularly fed up or more than usually exasperated about something, deliberately apply a little auto-suggestion. Cause yourself to believe that it is an excellent opportunity for demonstrating that you "can take it"—and not merely that, but that you can actually find something in the situation at which you can smile. Perhaps you think that this is cant and hypocrisy. Still, try it—and good luck to the experiment!

—E. W. L. MAY.

FREDERICK GEORGE BRADLEY



It is with very deep regret that we record the death of A.C.1 Frederick George Bradley, R.A.F., on January 11th, 1942, at the R.C.A.F. Hospital. He was nineteen years of age and died of pneumonia following an illness which lasted about a month.

Bradley was a popular lad amongst his pals in Station Headquarters, where he was employed in printing Daily Routine Orders. His high character and devotion to duty are exemplified by the words of our Commanding Officer:—"I was very much impressed by the high standard he set his fellow airmen and the conscientious manner in which he carried out the duties entrusted to him. I need hardly say that the loss of such an excellent young fellow is one the service can ill-afford during these difficult days."

The funeral service, with full military honours, took place at Royal Oak Burial Park on January 14th, 1942, and was conducted by the Padre, S/L E. W. L. May.

GEORGE ALFRED GIMBERT

A few days after the death of A/C Bradley the camp was again shocked to learn of the death of Cpl. G. A. Gimbert of the R.A.F. police. The funeral, with full military honours, took place on Wednesday, January 21st, at Royal Oak Burial Park.

IN MEMORY

It came as a great shock to members of the police section to learn of the passing of Cpl. Gimbert. He will always be remembered by those who worked with him, and by all with whom he came in contact, for his ever-jovial countenance, and his open-hearted and straightforward manner. The first impression he gave everyone was always that he was a man to be trusted and relied upon, which was due to his fine strong personality. However, it is not only for these attributes, but for himself, that his comrades will be missing a real friend at Pat Bay. In closing this short tribute the men of his section wish to express their deepest sympathy to his wife and child.

—F. WILDMORE, for all members of the police section.

ROLL ON THE BOAT

Five months have now passed since the first R.A.F. settlers came to Patricia Bay, five months of toil under varying conditions, and with varied reactions. In view of having just recovered from the festive season of Christmas and the New Year it is perhaps advisable not to dwell at length upon the subject of reactions, these are capable of publishing themselves.

However, it is worth while at this stage to halt for a few moments and to view in retrospect some of the events of these last few months. A review of this nature will give slightly a different aspect to matters which may have been subjects in earlier "Patrician" pages, but possibly we are beginning to look upon this life out here through different coloured spectacles now.

In that hot month last summer a nomadic tribe of khaki clad pioneers first discovered this celestial spot, at that time a little dusty perhaps, but that was before the rainy season had started. Here this little band, disguised under the title of an Advance Party, decided they would rest awhile and start a little excitement. This excitement is still very evident. Theirs were the first fruits of this Eden of the west, it has been suggested that all the Eves left when the Nomads arrived; such is fame! During their short sojourn it is presumed they tried very hard to impress the local inhabitants, and in their spare time they planted the seeds of this organisation which is now rapidly taking shape and begins to show signs of bearing fruit.

Then in the course of the next few weeks came further hordes of "bodies," drones to an apiarist, who in turn gradually changed colour from blue to khaki, and then felt like hardened pioneers.

Under the watchful eyes of a few enthusiasts, something began to happen, toil once more became the order of the day. The first cloud then entered upon this azure sky, it was a local complaint known as "Oscar-itch," and it seemed to get under nearly everyone's skin, particularly was it distressing at reveille and during parade times. This complaint still exists unfortunately, despite every effort made to overcome it, but the reactions are not so severe now, the human bodies here present are either beginning to respect or condemn the cause of the trouble.

Then came the day when for the first time the call of "Any complaints" was heard throughout the length of the dining hall. Everyone was spellbound, once more in history Oliver Twist asked for more.

Those were grand days, when to see the mighty heads of various sections one simply went to the various corners of the common room, resplendent with furniture of unplanned lumber, and presented oneself unheralded, with not even a door to knock upon. Further-

more these dignitaries never in those days were called in error to the telephone, one lone instrument often believed to have been the original Edison model, was used by all but answered by none.

After the "main body," as such it was known, had been here awhile, it was one day discovered there was someone adrift. As a result there came across the horizon a character of even greater fame at Pat Bay than Disney's Donald Duck, one "Danny." He returned to the fold in due course after having invited himself to a holiday and then had allocated to him a nice little room with bath H & C and continuous attention for a few days. Since that time he seems loathe to leave the place at all, he has frequently been seen for seven evenings in succession inside the camp and he appears to revel in work. (Does this constitute a mention in dispatches?).

At that time the R.A.F. created some considerable impression in Victoria with its cricket results and hard hitting Thorner set a standard which he will have to maintain and carry forward next season. It is suggested though, that the team enthusiasm next season will treat umpires with greater care and respect.

The first month of Autumn—or should it be the Fall—saw the first feelers of "The Patrician" being put out and enthusiasm was not lacking, the response was good and the germ was nourished, resulting in the birth of this publication on the first of October. The first number was a pronounced success and the magazine got known, those responsible for the production did a good job of work and deserve praise, but are they getting all the support now that they might, and again, are the readers supporting the advertisers? Advertisers are the backbone of a publication of this nature and their loss to the magazine is a great setback—keep up the support!

About this time "the rains came" and the mud of this Eden began to make itself noticeable. Whether the depth, the consistency, the colour or the slippery quality of this particular mud was responsible for its becoming so noticeable is not decided. However, it is known that many an innocent victim, regardless of rank, prostrated himself in amazing attitudes and with astonishing agility into the embrace of this friendly mixture. Nature was helped by the human excavations of many pits and deep trenches scooped out in sundry places without remarkable foresight, but usually by extraordinary coincidence in front of entrances or across main footpaths. These additional hazards our holiday makers here present no doubt remember. Some will remember them particularly well.

One day about this time a certain proud possessor of an example of early twentieth century work, had a brilliant idea that a Car Club should be formed; the idea was developed and the club has flourished. The original model, however, which it has been suggested in well-informed circles, was the chariot of Queen Boadicea, has apparently been passed finally and ingloriously to its last resting place—Requiescat in pace!—7-340.

In course of time another smiling face appeared to join the happy throng, forthwith telephones, ballads and rhyming couplets started appearing. In passing it might be mentioned that one of the telephone operators, scandal has it, has succeeded in getting a number which is not engaged—wedding bells we fear!

Ah me! thus has time passed here at Pat Bay and on the coast of the now turbulent Pacific we look forward resolutely to this year of 1942. Deep in the heart of nearly all true Britons here, however, is that hope for the future, the return to that land of our birth which is home. That hope so well expressed—"Roll on the boat."

—K. D. A.

Memories

Oh! let me see old Scotia's hills
Her rocky strands, her wind-swept moors,
The lovely dells, the silver streams,
I know thee only now in dreams.

I see the Coolins, dark and grey,
I see the highlands, stern and wild,
The Hebrides leap into view,
Oh Scotia! is there land like you?

On Lomond's banks I love to roam,
By Clyde and Forth oft would I stray,
The vales, the straths, the plains of Fife,
To me these things are more than life.

The waving grain, the harvest moon,
The willows bending o'er the burn,
The creaking mill, the old oak tree,
Bring fondest thoughts of home to me.

The golden glow of autumn leaves,
The noisy rooks in woodland glades,
The stirring tales of Border lore,
Oh! blessed land, why taunt me more?

Through dewy eyes, the heather blooms,
Its purple carpet, fair to see,
The sunlight dances on the Ben,
Above the shieling in the glen.

The picture fades away from view,
A tear, it trickles down the cheek,
Oh! lovely land, Oh! fairest flower,
With thee I've spent some happy hours.

—N. S.

R.A.F. REPLIES TO REBY

[Last month we published an article "Invasion to Come," by Reby Macdonald, which told of the R.A.F. "shooting a line" to the unsuspecting girls of Victoria. ("Shooting a line, for the benefit of those few readers who have not yet come into contact with the R.A.F., means romancing or telling stories of one's own imagination). This article has inspired others to write on the same subject and we print below a few of the many letters received and hope that next month we shall hear more of the feminine point of view. Eds.]

The Lariat—or Hook, Line and Sink(er)!

"Are you from the Old Country?" "Have you been here long?"—"I've been here about thirty years!" "Do you like it here?" "Do you know many people?"

How many times have we heard these words? Our interrogators invariably know the answers to the first two questions and the usual answers to the last two are: "Of course we like it here and we're having a swell time and the people, like our London policemen, are wonderful." We know lots of people here, including quite a lot of very nice girls. It is about these girls that I would whisper a word of warning in your ears. Let me tell you, lads, you didn't meet the girls—they met you! We all know that they are very charming and all that but watch them, they have very definite ideas about what they want and they are going to get it.

Watch them when you meet them, they have a cute twinkle in their eyes and a nice disarming smile but "watch that rope." You didn't know they had a rope, did you? Of course, you can't see it but believe me it's there. I know of four airmen who have been lassoed and tied up in real cowgirl style. They didn't hand out any line about their ancestral homes, in fact they never got a chance to even tell if they had a home but they sure are going to have one soon—unless "32" gets moved.

I tell you these girls have ideas—yes, sir. I know of one fellow who has broken off an engagement at home, and stopped his allowance to his mother. He didn't hand out a line, he took it, and how! Now he is soon going for the "grand march"—organ and all. I hope he gets that wonderful job which her ninth cousin or someone has promised him. (I still think it's a good thing we have the dole.)

I myself listened to beautiful ideas of a future in Canada from my girl friend but I told her rather sadly that I was married. She thought for a moment and then said very sweetly, "But Darling, if you are not really happy you can have a divorce." Now here was a girl with ideas, not a line, mind you, just ideas.

Then there's the girl who takes the young and unsuspecting airman home to meet mother (or so she says). Now mother is a very charming person and shows a great interest in the boy. What is

his work, is the food good, is his pay the same as the Canadians and are the allowances good? Doesn't he think that Canada is the coming country and wouldn't it be a good place for a young man to settle in? Why, after getting to know the right people and finding a nice girl to marry he would never want to go back to the Old Country. Of course he must come again, drop in any time, he will always find one of them in. (She is a widow and may have ideas herself!) My personal choice is still the daughter!

Well, fellows, don't forget, they don't hand you a line but they certainly trail one, so watch out—it's a tempting bait. After all a projected "Invasion of Britain" is nothing to this subtle but definite (Oh yes, very definite) "Persuasion of Briton."—J. J.

Invasion HAS Come ! (and How THEY Treat the Invader !)

In the distance the strains of Strauss's "Morgenblaten" could be faintly discerned, overhead the palms shivered in the soft, almost chill, evening breeze. Below, the water lapped softly at its margin. They sat quiet and impassive, communion of thought was theirs, there was no need for spoken word to make clear to the other what each was thinking.

As if by common consent they moved slightly and his arm moved softly around her shoulders; she looked up at him, a little stray wistful glance and then turned her dark eyes on the rippling water once more.

The music rose to a distant crescendo and then died, the night was full of dim mystical murmurings—again that shy turning towards him and the same flutter of the eyelids. He looked down at her, a half smile on his lips; for a long moment they remained thus and then his arm tightened about her, he drew her to him and their lips met, her arms slid up like white serpents around his neck, holding him closer, her hands strayed wantonly in his hair, for a moment they drew apart and then resumed their embrace and now there was no reluctance but an eager giving of caress for caress.

"Darling," she whispered, "you will never leave me—now?"

He paused and then quite simply said, "I may **have** to." She seemed to dwell on this and then resumed:

"Would you be too proud to accept something—given to you freely—no! pressed on to you?"

He didn't reply but a dusky flush suffused his temples, again she murmured to him and once more he was without reply. At length he seemed to come to a decision, rising to his feet he assisted her up and in silence they walked off. . . .

All night long he lay on his bed in the suffocating darkness. Was this the chance he had always hoped for, nay, awaited? His pulses refused to be quieted, what had she offered him? The

position he had so ardently desired. An independent individual, an employer, a boss!

Still her shy words rang in his ears: "If you will only stay, Daddy says you can take over and manage the business for him." He saw in his mind's eye the open range, the teeming herd, the ranch and its patio—her!

He fell into a troubled slumber. . . .

She, too, spent troubled hours in the darkness, how could she ever have said it to this fine youngster from the R.A.F.?

Of course all her friends would say she had done the right thing, after all the local tradition, "Get your man—somehow" had to be upheld. But how else? How could she ever explain the chicken farm on the East Saanich road as the expansive ranch she had so eloquently pictured?

Yea and how! Verb Sap! !

—SPARKS

A Pinch of Salt

Reby Macdonald's interesting article in last month's "Patrician" was received with very mixed feelings, ranging from the deep unreasoning rage of those who believe that it is the Britisher's privilege to do and say exactly as he pleases and is above any fair criticism which may come from any other part of the world, to the vast amusement of those who have made some attempt to understand the Canadian point of view and in particular have tried to find out how we appear in the eyes of that peculiar being.

We must agree that there have been some tremendous lines cast forth, which would have been much better kept tightly reeled and locked, as old bait used on strange fish does not make for a successful season. However, our first rash casts do not appear to have brought us too violently into contact with the local game laws.

Is not this vigorous, sarcastically humorous warning rather an admission that there exists an almost incredible gullibility amongst the young ladies of Victoria? Has their education been so sadly neglected that they assimilate everything without even one little pinch of salt or do they want to become English at all costs? If the latter is the case they constitute a menace to themselves—and us.

British girls have a disconcerting knack of winnowing the chaff from the grain.

Canadians would do better to cease showing concern about future invasions of Britain and prepare for the invasion of Canada. Don't forget that the British invaded Canada before quite successfully and although we have no time at all to invade Canada while there is a war anywhere near England, there will be many of us return to Canada after the war is won.—E. G. P.

On Shooting the Line

Reby Macdonald's clever and amusing article in last month's "Patrician" was certainly an eye-opener to me. I for one did not realize that we had so many geniuses with us at Patricia Bay. For these lads who can tell such convincing tales of stately ancestral homes, and strings of family retainers, while actually coming from the humdrum and tainted atmosphere of Grimsby fish-and-chip shops, must indeed be brilliant. The conception of the Englishman abroad, supposedly so reticent and uncommunicative, must by now have been altered. Or does this only apply to the romantic R.A.F.?

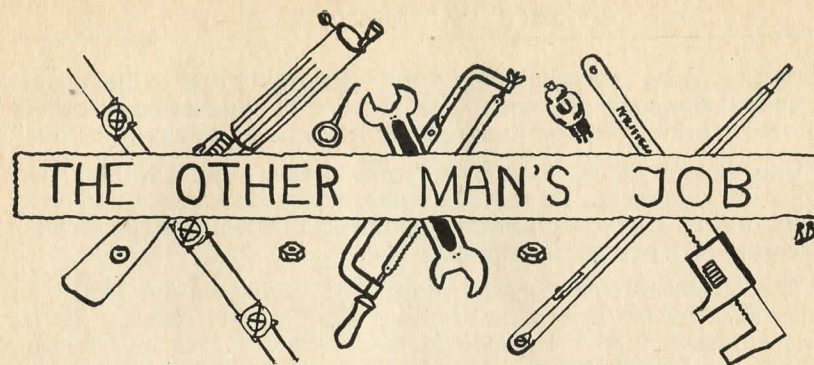
However, it does seem rather a poor show when one has to rely solely on tales of the family background, with its country mansion and large estates. Surely there are so many other lines worth trying that would attract the fair sex? One would have thought our boys would have concentrated on stirring tales of bombing raids, or of "The one that just missed me," waxing very eloquent describing how the draught from it, as it whistled past the right ear, swept off the forage cap. Fortunately we are blessed with keen imaginations, and realise truth is more uninteresting than fiction.

One could easily become quite ecstatic when describing English beer, although of course this opening should be reserved for masculine company, and is quite unsuitable as a prelude to romance.

Perhaps the continental tour is as good an opening as any. The method used for this is as follows—you are, for instance, standing with her looking across the water at Mount Baker. You give a deep sigh and then say, "Ah, this reminds me of the time when I was in Italy" (the fact that you never travelled further than Blackpool should not deter you). "Looking across the blue Mediterranean at the snow-capped mountains"—and so on. It's the very Dickens of a way from Victoria to Italy, so you're fairly safe. If by any misfortune she has ever been there, or has a very good knowledge of geography, you'll soon find that you've boomed.

For those with a more practical mind an interesting opening can be obtained by looking disparagingly at a Victoria street car, and saying in sotto-voce, "Oh for the beautiful tramcars of London, with their lovely upholstery, as they sweep past the twinkling lights of the Embankment at the foot of Big Ben." This should interest her immediately, she will probably clutch your arm and say, "Tell me more about your wonderful cities." You can find a nice quiet spot and such things as tramcars can conveniently be forgotten.

A few misplaced words can sometimes spoil everything. Such a case occurred recently when one of our married men walking down Government Street with a fair charmer on his arm (she was under the impression that he had no responsibilities), saw a party of school children approaching. Absentmindedly he remarked that they reminded him of his family. As there were sixteen children of various ages in the party, the girl gave one horrified cry and fled. He hasn't seen her since!—F. R.



No. 5—THE R.A.F. POLICEMAN

Notwithstanding the fact that this article may be a shock to the writer of last month's Sergeants' Mess Notes and may give a pain to the majority of the readers, it is an attempt to comply with a request to lift the veil which is usually drawn over the service life of a policeman in the R.A.F.

The first point to be made is that the old title of "Service Police," from which was derived the abbreviation "S.P.," no longer exists and the official name for the trade is now R.A.F. Police. The reason for pointing out this fact is, that with the death of the old name came the death of the old conception of police duties as they were known some years ago. In addition, the attitude of the airman to the policeman is gradually undergoing a change, the descriptive adjectives used when speaking about policemen being much milder than was in evidence some time ago. Of course, old ideas die very hard and airmen do not easily change their opinion that a policeman is a man who uses all the power at his command to make life as uncomfortable as possible and is therefore a man to be avoided.

It must be admitted, however, that this state of affairs was partly fostered by certain types of policemen, who were either over-zealous in their ideas of what was required by "K.R.'s", or, abused the authority given by their position, or the few that were definitely malicious in their execution of their duty. The other reason for the bad feeling that exists come from the men who have reason to fear police, as these men naturally broadcast their complaints to receptive ears wherever they can find an audience.

Of course, due to this latter cause it is impossible for the police section to work in complete accord with everyone, for as long as the service exists there will be men who will persist in "running off the rails," and the duty of the section is to see that such men are corrected. However, contrary to old ideas, the best policeman is not necessarily the man who enters the largest number of charges but the man who can prevent the necessity for charges and still have a perfectly disciplined and smooth running camp under his supervision. To quote from a police Air Publication, "The primary objects of an efficient police service are the protection of life and

property and the preservation of public tranquility and to these ends all police efforts are directed. The absence of crimes and disorders will alone prove whether these efforts have been achieved or not."

Consequently to come to the policeman as a man, it will be seen that to be successful, he must be exceedingly diplomatic and very tactful and as airmen will readily realise a policeman must entirely submerge any personal feelings.

The duties on a station are many and varied as the section is responsible for the protection of all service property and the discipline of airmen in the absence of their own N.C.O.'s and finally, through the Guard Room, they are the contact between the station and the outside world. All visitors, civilians and transports, etc., are checked and recorded and the section also must be in a position to reply to all enquiries on practically any topic from both inside and outside the camp, consequently all records must be kept accurately and must be complete.

With reference to the enquiries that are answered by police, they provide a very interesting study and come by 'phone and in person and range from enquiries regarding long lost relatives to enquiries re the next 'bus to Victoria. To again refer to the author of last month's Sergeants' Mess Notes and his remarks on police duties, it is comparatively certain that he would readily agree, that if he required to know anything of an urgent nature during off-duty hours (which is 15 hours out of the 24), he would at some time during his enquiries, communicate with the police. When it is realised that everyone has the same idea, that alone gives a certain amount of justification for existence.

To conclude, therefore, it is hoped that this short article will in some measure clarify the position of the men with a very difficult job and help airmen to understand that the policeman is there for protection and to assist in every possible way and not to hinder or to be avoided. Not until everyone realises that full co-operation with the police section will result in a smoother running organisation, will the full benefit of the section be obtained.

—F. WILDMORE.



J. M. WHITNEY
DIAMOND MERCHANT
JEWELER & SILVERSMITH
VICTORIA. B.C.

Yates St.
at Broad

IT NEVER VARIES... *much*

The only thing certain about the British climate is its uncertainty. We were quite thrilled, therefore, when arriving here, to be told by Victorians, Sidneyites, Saanichtonians, etc., that now at least we did not have to worry about the weather. In the summer it was fine, during the winter it sometimes rained. There was no really cold weather, only grandfather could remember a severe frost, and a glorious Indian Summer lasted from the middle of September until New Year's Day. Like innocents we believed it all.

Of course it must be admitted that when the subject of rain was mentioned some of them did look a little uncomfortable, usually avoiding one's eye and saying how wet it was in Vancouver. There the weather could be forecast by looking at the mountains, if you could see them it was going to rain shortly, and if you couldn't see 'em it was already raining. This made us thankful that we weren't posted to Vancouver.

At the end of September came the rain, we were most surprised. It is true that it did not start to rain very often, but when it started it was usually many days before it stopped again. The local people said it was most unusual, but how we would enjoy the Indian Summer! Unfortunately something went wrong, the Indian Summer decided to go somewhere else, and we haven't yet seen it. Since then the weather has done all the things it is supposed not to do—we have had heavy frosts, snow, and even gales—there has been skating on the lakes, and swimming by the cookhouse, but we are expecting the Indian Summer any moment now. The people who live here avoid the subject of weather like the plague. In the meantime we are wondering if those ice-skates will be useful during August!

—F. REED.

THE AIRMEN'S DANCE

The first Airmen's Dance, which was held at the Agricultural Hall, Saanichton, on 16th January, was a great success. The dance marked the first public appearance of the Dance Band and they gave an excellent performance, playing the numbers in English time, including novelty numbers such as The Chestnut Tree, The Lambeth Walk and The Palais Glide, which caused much amusement and enjoyment to our Canadian friends. Group Captain Robertson attended the dance during the course of the evening and stayed for a short while.

Over 400 people attended, ensuring a financial success, a sum of \$89 being handed over to the Band funds.

It is hoped to run these dances periodically and this first effort has greatly encouraged the organisers.



Festivities in the Sergeants' Mess



The Airmen's Dance

—We are indebted to Sergeant Gill for the photographs and display on these pages.



SOME BRIEF NOTES *on the* HISTORY of BRITISH COLUMBIA

In 1878 a British sea captain, John Meares, landed at Nootka Sound and began to establish British rule on the Pacific coast by trading "a pair of pistols with an Indian Chief named Maquinna for the lease of the country thereabouts." The Indian who discovered coal at Nanaimo was content to receive from the Hudson's Bay Company, a bottle of rum and free repair of his gun. As these examples show, the B.C. Indians, peaceful but backward, were able to show relatively little resistance to the fishing and mining prospectors and to the gentlemen venturers from Britain.

The English were not the first European visitors, however, to this land in which many Utopian writers had lost their horizons. The Spaniards, pioneers of colonial exploration, have left their mark in many local place names, such as Quadra St., Juan de Fuca Strait and Esperanta Inlet. Spanish explorers, in fact, upheld their country's traditional claim to the whole Pacific coast region in the 18th century, although it was difficult to dislodge Russian trading settlements in the northern regions. Following earlier British attempts to find a N.W. Passage to the Indies, however, the voyages of Captain Cook and Captain Hanna, and in 1792 of Captain Vancouver, who extensively surveyed and named the local features for the first time, finally enabled the Spaniards to be dislodged in 1795.

At first the British Government and the eastern colonists took little interest in the West. It was only the daring travels of such men as Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who first crossed the continent overland in 1793; of David Thompson and John Stuart, who followed the river courses and crossed the Rockies for knowledge of the fabled West and for trade with the Indians; and of Simon Fraser in 1808; which first drew attention to the possible development of the West for food and mineral production; and also, as the eastern timber became more expensive to cut, for cheap lumbering. The imperial necessity for fostering travel and migration was also important, as were the voyages of George Simpson and James McMillan, the latter in the "Cadboro" in the 1820's, which helped to maintain the region against the "Boston Pedlars" from the independent United States.

Until 1840 Vancouver Island and Fort Victoria, expanded only slowly, but Oriental trade, the favourable climate for residential settlement and the gold rushes around the Fraser, Thompson and Columbia rivers and into the Cariboo creeks in the late 1850's, gradually "boosted" the Pacific "boom-towns" of Vancouver, or Granville as it was called, and Victoria. In 1850 the population of the whole of Vancouver Island was less than 400 and Governor Blanshard had little to do in his secluded fort in Victoria beyond writing home doleful despatches. The exclusive monopoly of the fur trade established by the Hudson's Bay Company had so driven settlers away that the American influence was allowed to reach as far north as the 49th parallel when the border was settled in 1846. After the Company's sovereign rights were abolished, however, the colony of British Columbia was formed in 1858, Sir James Douglas being Governor both of the mainland colony, and also of the separate Island colony. The two colonies were finally amalgamated in the interests of economy and efficiency in 1866, and although for two years the mainland capital of New Westminster, which then included Vancouver, was the seat of the government, the legislature decided to move the capital in 1868 to Victoria.

The Vancouver metropolis developed further with the rise to power of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The gold discoveries and the need to ship Oriental as well as local products across the continent, together with the new federal government's policy after 1867 of preventing further Americanisation of the West and of sponsoring the immigration of wheat farmers to provide food for the East and for export all inspired the decision made in 1871 that B.C. would join the federation, on condition that the necessary financial aid would be provided by the Federal Government for a railway connection across the whole continent. This tremendous engineering project which cost a subsidy of 25 million dollars and 25 million acres of land, as well as some thousands of Chinese lives and a tradition of white and yellow racial antagonism, was completed by 1886, the year in which the bush-ridden town of Vancouver was gutted by fire. By the enterprising genius of such men as Donald Smith and the other C.P. pioneers, billiards of feet of timber, milliards of cans of fish and baskets of fruit, millions of dollars' worth annually of metals, and regular cargoes of Oriental wares, have all been made available to the commercial world. The struggles for decent conditions as well as for indecent fortunes, and the struggle against the local jungle as well as between the pioneers of the varied races, by the men who fished and mined, who lumbered and laboured on the quay, and who risked death from accident, drowning, disease or excessive toil, must always be remembered if ever we begin to feel that the methods adopted by the varied interests were somewhat rough and their ideals somewhat narrow.

And the history of B.C. has as yet hardly begun.—W.E.P.

JALLOPY JOURNEY

It was so kind of A/C Bill Jones to offer us a lift. We had been waiting a few minutes for the bus to Victoria, when his car skidded violently towards us. He thrust his head through a space where a window should have been, and said that he had room for two more.

The five airmen occupying the back seat (made to seat three), were put to a certain amount of discomfort in making room for us, but we somehow managed to squeeze in. As the car door, because of many years hard wear, was unable to be closed from the inside, we had to wait until another airman approached and signal to him to close it. Unfortunately, he somehow misunderstood, thought that he was being offered a lift, and taking a flying leap, landed on top of the rest of us. Bill let his clutch in, starting the car with such a sudden lurch that the door slammed itself, and saved us the inconvenience of again calling for assistance.

Perhaps it is as well to explain that these incidents occurred early in January, during the blizzard period, and on this particular evening it was still snowing slightly with the roads frozen hard. We noticed that most of the other vehicles were using skid-chains. However, our driver remarked that he couldn't see the sense in bothering about such things, and as he had only learnt to drive last week, if he could do without them, surely other drivers could do the same. These remarks were met with somewhat dubious agreement from the passengers.

In between periods of stopping the car at frequent intervals to hop out and wipe the snow off the windscreen with an old sock (the car did not possess such luxuries as windscreen wipers), our driver chatted cheerfully. He told us that on the previous evening he had had his fourth breakdown—thus qualifying him to become a member of the Pat Bay Motor Club.

Owing to the frozen condition of the road, and our driver's over zealousness in using the brakes, there were many occasions when the back wheels tried to lead the way. Indeed, someone went so far as to suggest that perhaps skid-chains were not such a bad idea after all. Although it does say a great deal for Bill Jones's skill that we managed to come back on to the road again after we had shot off it while attempting to negotiate the bend by Elk Lake. Luckily the ice held as we glided across the lake. One of the airmen whom I thought seemed a little dim, looked out of the window (minus glass) at this period, and seeing the vast stretch of ice surrounding us, remarked, "Blimey, ain't the road wide here."

We had intended to go skating near Victoria, but I silently vowed, hunched up in the back of that swaying car, that if we ever reached

the noble city in safety, I would go quietly to a cinema, and there relax for three hours.

Despite many narrow shaves, one puncture, and forcing a lorry to go into a ditch, we did miraculously arrive at Victoria without mishap (other than suffering from a sudden nervous disorder somewhat similar to shell-shock). Eventually staggering out of the car, two hours after starting, at Douglas Street.

A bystander who had recently visited a popular beer-parlour, idly started to count us as we emerged. He was more than startled by seeing a seemingly never-ending stream of airmen leave the medium-sized car. After he had counted ten he shook his head sadly, walked steadily into Terry's and ordered three black coffees. It had been such a tight squeeze, that with our bent necks, cramped arms, stiff legs, etc., we looked rather like a crowd of deformed men, which no doubt rather heightened the effect.

So, relieved at our safe arrival, we turned towards Bill Jones and said, "Thank you," as well as this I afterwards murmured, "Thank God."—ERK.

R.A.F. BENEFIT DANCE

Attention is drawn to the advertisement on page 36, regarding the dance which is to be held in the Crystal Garden, Victoria, on Tuesday, February 3rd, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m., the profits of which will be forwarded to the dependants of Cpl. G. A. Gimbert and A/C F. G. Bradley, who died recently.

The dance is being organized by the Unit Entertainments Committee, under the energetic leadership of its new officer i/c, F/O B. A. M. Herbert. Arrangements are completed and with the splendid co-operation of some of the business people of Victoria it is hoped that the evening will be a huge success. The Crystal Garden management have allowed the use of the hall at a very reasonable rate, the Daily Colonist and the Victoria Daily Times have given valuable assistance and a number of business houses have given prizes. Amplifying equipment has been loaned by the B.C. Sound Equipment and Miss Maxine High is singing with the R.A.F. Dance Band by kind permission of Mr. Len Acres. Thanks are due to these people for their generous support.

Double tickets at \$1.25 will admit two (not necessarily gent and partner), and can be purchased from any member of the Entertainments Committee.

Special late buses will run at times to be announced on D.R.O.'s.

London Letter

30/12/41

To Absent Friends:—

December has slipped away from us with an obvious sense of the dramatic. Majestically the most momentous month of the year, it has left the Londoner feeling for the first time since the war started that he is not, for the time being at any rate, the corner stone of the world tragedy being now so completely unfolded. It will probably be some weeks before Britain and London—for what is so truly Britain as London—realise to the full that the burden so greatly increased is now to be shouldered jointly with the "other half of the family."

London's food still appears to cause considerable comment abroad, and the comments in turn, gives us a mixture of annoyance and amusement. We have not been, are not, and do not intend to be hungry. We were warned when rationing started that we should have to go without some of our luxury foods, and we have gone without. Foreign and Empire grown fruits (with the exception of occasional oranges) have almost entirely disappeared. At the present there is only a limited supply of eggs and milk, but this is a seasonal shortage. On the other hand we have acquired a definite appreciation of American canned pork foods, many types of which are now on sale.

So much for the serious! London had an attack of inflation recently. But it was a very physical and personal one and lasted for two days only—25th and 26th of December. This annual disease was accomplished by its usual attendant symptoms: the smoking of cigars in profusion, mostly with their bands still on, and the wearing of paper caps. There was a seasonable amount of poultry about—not up to pre-war quantity, but somehow there seemed to be enough to go round. Wines and spirits were scarce, but beer, the national champagne, played its usual part most gallantly. I don't know how faithful to fact are our historians who tell us that our famous victories were always won on British beer, but we are still training on it!

Despite the blackout the theatre and cinema are enjoying a wave of prosperity. Old favourites are back in pantomime, catering for the many children who have returned from evacuation.

On the whole we part with 1941 with few regrets, and feel that we can have more confidence for what is held in store by its successor. Consistently now we feel that we are progressing. In any case it's one more year of the war finished. So Canada we hope to share together a happier New Year, bringing prosperity, and dare we expect it yet—Peace.

—"LONDONER."

THE SERGEANTS' MESS

Flt. Sergt. Jackson withstood last month's onslaught with fortitude of the most magnificent order. So the moustachios are "out." In any case, he thinks that Squadron Leader Wilde is qualified to share the responsibility.

Congratulations to W.O. Hubbard on his recent promotion, which event caused severe outbreaks of perspiration among other Flight Sergeants.

Yet another successful dance was held on January 1st. Whilst it lacked the boisterous enthusiasm of the Christmas dance, it was very well attended and much more attention was paid to serious dancing. As there were no prizes to present, we were spared the sight of Sgt. Brolly repeating his previous burst of kleptomania.

Flt./Sergt. Butterworth cheered up a lot when he heard that respirators were to be issued again, as his technique definitely lacks polish when he hasn't got his small kit to hand.

Mr. Weston of the "Y" has been having great fun in that shallow puddle by the Sergeants' Quarters. He finds that the water therein fits him comfortably under the armpits.

After a brief conversation with Sgt. Holmes, a misguided young lady sighed, "What a nice old gentleman"! The venerable Baron!!

Flt./Sergt. Middleton's face was seen to be scratched on January 2nd, and scandal had it that a native bull had clawed him. Both unfair and untrue. This is the simple story: Returning from the canteen at 2030 hrs. on January 1st, with Flt./Sergt. Lloyd (they had been to purchase stamps), he was warned that a scaffold pole was immediately ahead. Unfortunately, he saw several poles, but walked through the wrong one.

Some people around here are not too bright. When Sergt. Sewell tried to scrounge some Brylcreem, each prospective victim told him to use his room-mates. What the devil would Sergt. Rivers do with hair oil of any sort?

W.O. Dickson likes to be in the news, but the difficulty lies in dodging the bloke with the blue pencil. We always thought that those bits of stick and lengths of pipe he carries about with him are the final recruiting-depot touch, a sort of substitute pace-stick, but no—he uses them to train his tame sergeant. A Form C has gone into workshops for some wooden hoops. One day during the month found him in indifferent health, but instead of expressing our sympathy individually, we offered up a silent prayer instead. Sergt. Gill says that demands have been so great for souvenir photographs of him that in future there will be only one standard print available.

Sergt. Gill did good work with his camera during Christmas. Sergt. Craig as "U/T Romeo" was really excellent. Sergt. Dukes is absolutely beyond the pale.

—SGT. X.



—Victoria Daily Times.

Beautiful Waterfall on Sooke River. This sparkling, clear stream is one of the sources of Victoria's water supply.



PUKKA GEN.

Who was the N.C.O. who on Christmas morning saw one of his men in the section and demanded to know what they were doing?

1 1 1

Pity they altered D.R.O.'s—I was looking forward to an all-night session in the canteen after pictures.

1 1 1

Did you hear of the erk who requested the Unit W.O. to stagger his four days' C.C. as it caused great inconvenience to his girl friend?

1 1 1

During the great withdrawal to prearranged positions I noticed one tall, dark and handsome corporal was in tears—his highly-polished floor-space, the result of months of hard labour, had to be left behind!

1 1 1

Have you seen the tame corporals in Block 25? They're in little boxes and some of them are perfectly harmless!

1 1 1

Now that the varying positions of the laundry headquarters has succeeded in teaching us the way around camp, a permanent building has at last been placed at the disposal of Mr. "Charlie" Wu.

1 1 1

The Medical Section telephone number is No. 9. Is 'Erb's sense of humour responsible for this?

1 1 1

DUFF GEN.

The question of providing easy chairs in the dining hall so that airmen can wait for their tea in comfort is under consideration.

SERVICE

A girls' school on the south coast of England has been evacuated and the building is now being used for billeting soldiers.

The first night they arrived the troops were somewhat surprised to see a notice pinned up in each dormitory saying: "If in urgent need of a mistress, ring the bell."

SPORT

SOCCER

Only one Station game has been played since the match against the Royal Navy at the end of November. This game was played with the opposing team selected from a small detachment of H.M.S. stationed at Esquimalt and was played in very adverse weather conditions. On the 7th January Victoria was in the grip of wintry weather, much to the embarrassment of the local inhabitants, and the two teams from the "Old Country" lined up on the pitch at the Royal Canadian Naval Barracks to dribble the ball through almost six inches of snow. In spite of the snow difficulties a good game ensued, but the R.A.F. proved too strong for the plucky R.N. team and finished up with eight goals to their credit without any reply from the "matelots."

Some of our more fortunate soccer players have been playing for Victoria United in the Pacific Coast League and against other civilian sides. These men, F/Sgt. Huggins, Cpl. Heppenstall, Cpl. Woodbridge, A.C. Lowe and A.C. Chapman, have had the good fortune to enjoy football of as good a standard as can be found anywhere in Canada, but the resumption of the Inter-Services League will bring about the necessity to field a full team and the services of these players will be first and foremost at the disposal of the R.A.F.

Now that leave has been resumed and the first excitement of the Far Eastern affair has died down, we can expect to carry on the Inter-Services League fixtures, which will give us a game for every Saturday up to the season's end. The month of February should thus provide ample material for the next soccer report, so here's hoping for more results and less speculation.

—D.W.C.H.

RUGBY

R.A.F. v. Victoria College, at the College Grounds, 17th January

This was a very good and evenly matched game. After ten minutes the R.A.F. lost A/C Nolan, who left the field with a badly cut eye. Losing a man meant a reshuffle of the back division, but even so the R.A.F. were leading by 8 points to nil at half-time. The game was played at a cracking pace and it began to tell on the R.A.F. side, who have had no game since November. Their defence was very good, and only by sheer doggedness was the score kept down, for the college side were on our 25 yard line for a considerable time near the end. The college were in very good shape and in the latter stages of the game their training or lack of training on the part of the R.A.F. began to tell. F/Sgt. Middleton scored and F/O Spiers converted our first try and L.A.C. Windmill scored an unconverted try. The final result was R.A.F. 8 points, Victoria College 8 points.—J. J.

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TABLE TENNIS

Congratulations to No. 1 Team on heading the league in the second division of the Victoria Table Tennis Association with nine successive victories. The team has now been promoted to the first division leaving No. 2 Team holding the top place in the second division. No. 1 Team have already won their first two matches including a victory by 19 games to 17 over The Jokers, who have as yet been undefeated.

Cpl. Walker's record of 55 games won out of 56 played for a percentage of .982 is outstanding. L.A.C. Abbott and Sgt. Wildmore tied as runners up with a percentage of .875.

Results of matches are as follows:—5.1.42, 1st Division, R.A.F. No. 1 obtained a bye; 6.1.42, 2nd Division, R.A.F. No. 2 obtained a bye; R.A.F. No. 3, 21 games, Nut Shell Cafe, 15 games; 12.1.42, 1st Division, R.A.F. No. 1, 19 games, Northwestern Creamery, 17 games; 13.1.42, 2nd Division, R.A.F. No. 2, 18 games, Nut Shell Cafe, 18 games; R.A.F. No. 3, 11 games, Four Stars, 17 games; 19.1.42, 1st Division, R.A.F. No. 1, 19 games, Jokers, 17 games.

—L. V. R.

BADMINTON

The newly-formed Badminton Club is proving very popular and has now forty members.

On Tuesday, January 13th, the first Doubles Tournament was won by Sgt. Cowan and Cpl. Heppenstall.

Arrangements are being made for a match with the Brentwood Badminton Club.

—W. E. B.

SQUASH

For the benefit of those interested, two fine squash courts are available for hire on application to the Sussex Apartment Hotel, 1001, Douglas Street, Victoria. The charge is 25c per player and rackets may also be hired on reasonable terms.

THANKS TO SEATTLE

We have been asked by a number of men on the Station to insert a word of thanks to those people in Seattle, Washington, who so spontaneously welcomed them during a week-end leave spent in that city. Some of them had not been more than a few minutes in their hotel room before it was filled with people and a party was in progress!

The R.A.F. Station Dance Band acknowledges with grateful thanks the loan of a trumpet and trombone by Mrs. C. Powell, Ellensburg, Washington, U.S.A.

NOSTRADAMUS

Many, many years ago in Paris lived a grey-bearded astrologer by the name of Michel de Notredame, known better today as Nostradamus. His accomplishments were multiple. Amongst other things he was Physician in ordinary to Charles IX. and towards the latter part of his life he published a series of almanacs, so he might even be known as the Father of the Almanac.

For months and months behind locked doors he buried himself in books of ancient Egyptian lore and endeavoured to probe into the secrets of the future and in 1555 he published his great book of prophecies and secrets.

However sceptical one may be about such things, the fact remains that he foresaw the Great Fire of London, the French Revolution, Napoleon and the Franco-Russian War in 1870. He even foretold the correct date of his own death. His predictions are too many to enumerate at length but rarely have they failed.

His prophecies connected with our own age are of particular interest. He foretold the coming of one "Hister," true not quite rightly spelt, but one of the stars may have blinked. He foretold that in 1940 this "Hister" would lead Germany in invasion of France. He states "France by a neglect shall be assaulted on five sides. Tunis and Algeria shall be moved. Great would be the destruction and Paris gained, but eventually "Hister" would end up in an iron cage. The German invasion of Switzerland and Italy, the Pope in flight from Rome and the end of the war in 1944 with an ultimate victory for the French with a newly risen "King" from Poitiers."

Who can say if he will prove right again—only time will tell.

—J. R. P.

HAPPY STORE(Y)?

On hearing of the marriage which is to take place on February 14th between Aircraftman James Storey, a telephone operator in S.H.Q., and Miss Nellie Richardson, a nurse of Sooke, we would like to offer our best wishes for their future happiness and a little valuable advice:

Matrimony is not a word but a sentence. Many think that it's a long sentence with many words in it. Personally we think that it is better to have loved and lost—much better! Women generally speaking is generally speaking. A word of warning to Miss Richardson—a husband is one who stands by you in troubles you wouldn't have had if you hadn't married him.

.... We would like to know which of the two has been "shooting a line."

CONSTERNATION

His batman stood mutely by, his eyes wide with astonishment, never in all his days in the R.A.F. had he seen one of his charges display such extraordinary speed in dressing. Futile details usually bickered over, were now forgotten, yesterday's collar went on without comment—socks—shoes. Gosh! What haste. Since 32 O.T.U. became 32 O.S. there had been a change. Japan entering the war had been a shock but this was cataclysmic.

The scene outlined was being repeated in several of the other officers' quarters, S/Ldr. T. was bawling for his shoes, W/Commander T. wanted his flying boots got ready. Panic and turmoil. The batmen strove valiantly—after all, if there was a "flap" on, then they must rise to the occasion.

In a few moments forms could be observed dashing from the quarters. Pell mell they tumbled down the steps onto the greasy duckboards and raced away! As a solid mass they ran, each vying to be other than last. They swept into view of their objective, grim determination written on their features, **they** were not going to be caught out. Bursting into the building they threw themselves into chairs, eager and expectant, were they in time? Yes—just!

After all it isn't worth being late for brekker if you get two extra duties.

—"BAM."

Re last month's "Patrician"—"Rubber corsets are likely to become scarce, etc., etc...."

To keep the ships on even keel
They say takes tons and tons of steel,
The die is cast—the fates have written,
The ladies now will bulge for Britain.

R.A.F. BENEFIT DANCE

(Profits will be forwarded to the dependants of the late Cpl. G. A. Gimbert and A/C F. G. Bradley.)

Tuesday, 3rd February - Crystal Garden, Victoria

R.A.F. DANCE BAND

Admission: Double Tickets, \$1.25

9 P.M. - 1 A.M.



A Flying Visit to the U.S.A.

Early in the New Year I was granted permission to go to the United States of America on duty. This I may say, was an opportunity for which I had been seeking ever since I have been in Canada. Very soon I was at a large Army Air Corps Base in the northwest of America.

The first thing which impressed me was the size of the large and well spread aerodrome. The runways were very wide and considerably longer than one usually sees in England, but in contrast, only one small hangar in which to carry out repairs, etc. The first thing that we had to do on our arrival was to report to operations room and it was here that I received my first surprise. As I was accustomed to our busy and almost palatial operations rooms in England, I fully expected something far better, having been led to believe by Hollywood, that the U.S.A.A.C. was run on such a vast scale. I walked into a small wooden hut, which bore a sign to inform me I was in the correct place, but on entering, I found only a corporal and two men who were walking around filling in forms of various sizes, in duplicate or triplicate as per R.A.F., and looking at maps. A voice from a loud speaker at the other end of the room talking on official matters, concerning the aerodrome, did not seem to attract much attention, but an ordinary radio, blaring out comments on a "ball game," seemed to be exciting their interest. On enquiring where "operations" was, I was frigidly told "Right here, Sir."

When I had finished my business in operations room I was taken to what I, at that time, called the Officers' Mess. The exterior of this building was no different to many of the dozens of smart green and white buildings which bounded the many avenues. Entering, I found a large, comfortable room which was still looking very festive with expensive Christmas decorations. My next surprise was to find the room filled with many charming ladies, and children, accompanied by their military fathers, playing with toys, all obviously quite at home. I asked the officer with me if there was a party on, but was told that it was quite a common thing in U.S.A. camps to have an officers' club where their families or friends could come when they pleased. Another surprising thing were the number of fruit machines, on which I certainly did not show a profit!

I had many interesting discussions regarding the difference between American and English pronunciations. I learned that one does not "go to flights" to get one's "ship," as we do, but "transportation" must be obtained to go "up to the line."

As for the lighter side of my visit, I did manage to go to an excellent road house about eight miles from the town, where I saw a very good floor show with many beautiful "glamour" girls.

I should like to say in conclusion, that I found the American military men grand chaps. Their Air Corps is not run in Hollywood style at all but works with quiet efficiency. There is not the least bit of truth in the way Hollywood shows formations of aircraft repeatedly flying lower over the 'drome, neither do attractive girls greet you on the tarmac with a kiss (worse luck!).

—"FEATHER."

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

Congratulations to the following on their recent promotions:—

F/O. P. A. Kimpton to Flight Lieutenant.

P/O. B. A. M. Herbert to Flying Officer.

F/Sgt. W. Hubbard to Warrant Officer.

Sgt. R. Hollis to Pilot Officer.

Cpl. J. F. Winterbotham to Sergeant.

Have you heard how the chambermaid won the Victoria Cross? She brought down six Jerries before breakfast.

This joke was deleted by the censors; for further information apply to the editors.

"My boy friend doesn't smoke or drink, or swear."

"And does he make his own dresses, too?"

The recruit was crying on the parade ground when his pal came up and asked: "What's the matter, Charlie?"

"Well," replied the sobbing one. "Here I am, twenty-five years of age, and I didn't know until today that my father and mother aren't married."

"How did you discover that?" asked his pal.

"The sergeant-major told me this morning on parade."

She: "Did you ever sell vacuum cleaners?"

He: "No! Why?"

She: "Well you had better start selling them now. That's my husband opening the front door."

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